



守田

Protect  
Our  
Farmland

Act 1



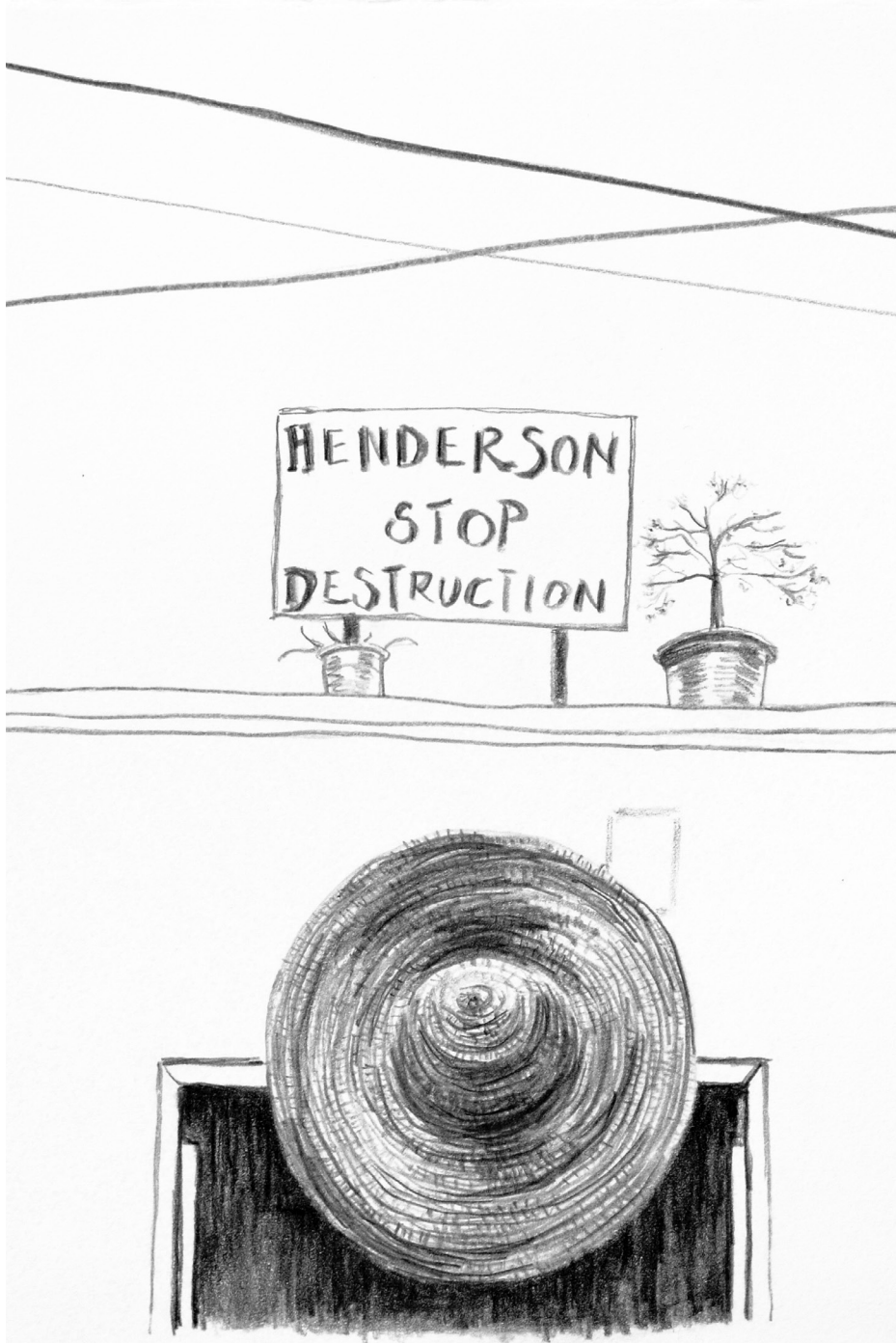
## Act 1

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2<sup>nd</sup> – 13<sup>th</sup> June 2016





## Prologue

*At this point converges the double misfortune of the economy and the State: by caching civil war inside each person, the modern State put everyone at war against himself. This is where we begin.*

– Tiqqun, *Introduction to Civil War*

In 1996 Henderson Property Development Limited began strategically purchasing farmland from farmers in Ma Shi Po Village using questionable methods.<sup>1</sup>

Over 10 years later, the Chief Executive of Hong Kong announced in his 2007-2008 Policy Address the urbanization of three areas that includes Fanling North, where Ma Shi Po Village is located.<sup>2,3</sup>

In two subsequent public consultations, the Town Planning Board, a statutory body of the government, received 50,000 letters opposing the government's North East New Territories Development Plan and only seven letters in support.<sup>4</sup>

The government failed to represent public interest and instead opted for developer hegemony and structural violence in pursuit of its geopolitical agenda.

When facing injustice, what can each one of us do?

This book documents the land squatting action between 2<sup>nd</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> June 2016.

<sup>1</sup> *Town Planning Board meeting 05/1/2015*  
[www.info.gov.hk/tpb/en/meetings/TPB/Minutes/m1069tpb\\_e31.pdf](http://www.info.gov.hk/tpb/en/meetings/TPB/Minutes/m1069tpb_e31.pdf)

<sup>2</sup> *The Study*, [www.nentda.gov.hk/eng/study.html](http://www.nentda.gov.hk/eng/study.html)

<sup>3</sup> The Chief Executive of Hong Kong is the head and representative of the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region and head of the Government of Hong Kong

<sup>4</sup> *What's the fuss about the North East New Territories Development Plan?*  
[www.hofan.burntmango.org/journal/2014/06/whats-the-fuss-about-the-north-east-new-territories-development-plan](http://www.hofan.burntmango.org/journal/2014/06/whats-the-fuss-about-the-north-east-new-territories-development-plan)





反對新界東北規劃 Oppose the North East New Territories Development Plan



**Block Henderson!**  
**Day 1, Thursday June 2<sup>nd</sup> 2016**

Today we witnessed the destruction of a 7,000-square-foot farmland, half of which has been fenced off for a few years and overgrown with weeds and banana trees. The other half, razed over a month ago, has since been reclaimed by farmers and land protectors opposing the North East New Territories Development Plan. This group oppose the questionable land exchange policy, that the government sneakily put together to benefit property developers (a policy to rezone designated farmland into commercial land for development).

We value farmland, local vegetables and a sustainable and equitable future for Hong Kong. At 11:50am today, a group of us decided to directly violate the temporary court injunction and re-enter the disputed land and climb into a multiple-level wooden fortress that we collectively built a week ago.

From the height of the fortress, we saw many passionate non-violent land protectors place their bodies and other materials (wooden pallets, planks of wood, plastic tubes, anything) in front of Henderson, 150+ security guards from three different security companies, 20+ construction workers, two excavators and some other employees that we have yet to identify.

Some land protectors were affective in pausing and slowing down the developer's fork, that came in the form of an agile Kobelco green excavator and another excavator that some people climbed onto. The latter excavator failed to leave the pavement that it was illegally parked on.

As sunset slowly approached, it was clear that Henderson's security guards would not succeed in finishing their land eviction, perimeter fencing and reducing our wooden fortress to the pile of rubbish that they had already

created in the middle of the farm. Earlier today this rubbish pile was a farm growing sweetcorn, pumpkins, chiso, sweet potatoes, papaya trees, banana trees, okra, cuban oregano and bittermelon. Now, everything is flattened.

Today Henderson chose confrontation and forcefully provoked other land protectors who were on a small piece of government land at the village entrance. This unnecessary clearance, out of their jurisdiction, lengthened their work day and led to their incomplete job – evicting the whole 7,000-square-foot farmland that our fortress is on.

For those in the fortress now, we move forward and turn this structure into a place of occupation and an indefinite home. During impromptu discussions, formal meetings and dinner tonight (kindly cooked by our friend B.), we became a family and shared stories and music together.

Amidst rampant neoliberal capitalism, we are confident that our direct action will encourage people to pause, slow down and consider what Hong Kong's little remaining farmland should be, and what type of vegetables we would like to feed our children and grandchildren in the future.

Farmland for farm use only. Block Henderson!

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village







## **Super Community**

### **Day 2, Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2016**

I have recently joined a reading group formed by a collective of people that I met in Hong Kong since 2010. I met them on the rooftops of factory buildings, impromptu under the bridge gigs, independent bookshops, the first Occupy Central, a 650-year-old village, etc. They also took me places: Downtown, their home and to the guerrilla farm of a very inspiring farmer.

Over the past month and in parallel to our reading group, that started with Giorgio Agamben's book *The Coming Community*, I have been seeing some members of the group a lot at Ma Shi Po, some even on a daily basis.

Supporting the Anti-North East New Territories Development Plan movement and guarding the reclaimed farm space next to Ma Sik Road, has also re-introduced me to people that I see perhaps only once or twice a year – familiar faces in the farming community.

From the beginning of May, at the Ma Shi Po village entrance I have met students, teachers, activists, sifus (craftsmen), villagers, farmers, ex-economists, journalists, chess players, retired government workers plus many more. Everyone that I meet opposes the North East New Territories Development Plan.

During weekdays at the village entrance, I have found myself at times stepping back and simply watching all the small interactions, exchanges and new relationships forming. I would take time and displace myself, often speaking to a stranger for over an hour; teaching people how to play international chess; updating everyone on the happenings on the reclaimed farmland; growing corn, papaya trees and other seasonal produce; sketching ideas at meetings; collaboratively writing banners; collecting wooden pallets in the middle of the night as well as being close to any action.

On 28<sup>th</sup> April 2016 I instinctively climbed with other people onto an illegally-parked Henderson-employed construction vehicle to stop the worker from delivering fencing materials to the farm. It worked and the worker later amicably drove off, more knowledgeable about our plight.

Yesterday I volunteered myself as ladder support to help those who were willing to oppose the temporary court injunction and climb into the fortress. Following the excessive and repeated use of force by the security guards I found myself intervening by climbing halfway up the wooden ladder. One guard had negligible regard to my safety and increased his force and persistence in moving the ladder away from the fortress. With one hand on the fortress and one leg on the ladder, I then secured my safety by climbing onto the fortress. Others climbed the ladder too. We had two ladders.

Last night I spent my first night in the fortress with land protectors, some from other communities that I am vaguely familiar with and some that I am pleased to say are also part of the reading group.

Living in Hong Kong, I have never experienced such a strong and eclectic community opposing developer hegemony. Each person brings their own respective agendas, individual communities and contributions to the village. Together we continue blocking Henderson whilst building a group that could be considered as a "Super Community." This Super Community confronts Henderson and the government, and persists that the North East New Territories Development Plan must stop, and collusion in the form of the 40,000 square feet insitu-land exchange must not happen.

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village





Village entrance before the eviction, 2<sup>nd</sup> June 2016



## The Fortress

### Day 3, Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> June 2016

On 28<sup>th</sup> April 2016, led by a group of skilled sifus (craftsmen), we collaboratively built a fortress to protect and guard the farmland next to Ma Sik Road. The exact location of the fortress was intended to stop any further construction. Over 100 wooden pallets were carried into the farm by land protectors to erect a strong 4 x 4 x 6 metre multistorey fortress around the Henderson construction workers' two power generators. Block everything.

The next day, the exterior of the fortress was quickly decorated with slogans, poetry and drawings of a sweet corn and tomato – both masked, resembling the Zapatistas, who have been fighting land issues and for emancipation in Mexico since 1994.

The fortress was soon equipped with two huge *tanggu* Chinese drums from a martial arts school, two large paper mache hands (placed palms out, defensively facing Ma Sik Road) and later a giant head (formerly black and white and the head of a 19<sup>th</sup> century Chinese revolutionary). The hands and head were painted green. The head boasts realistic carpet-like hair and eyebrows. Some people decided to call him Spinach Man, a superhero who came to protect the farmland.

A week later at the crack of dawn and efficiently within two hours, the fortress was upgraded with a narrow watchtower and further interior reinforcements. Cigarettes and canned coffee for breakfast, the craftsmen worked skilfully, single-handedly hoisting wooden pallets over the top of the four-metre high fortress wall with great ease.

Two days ago (Day 1) the fortress was further fortified by Henderson, who installed an eight-foot tall sheet metal fence around the perimeter of the fortress. The divide ensures that those in the fortress do not reclaim the farmland, now lifeless and flattened. A 40cm “alleyway” separates the wooden fortress from the sheet metal fence – just enough room for a person to squeeze through.

The third day in the fortress gives us time to domesticate the place and apply some basic interior design elements. On Day 1 a ground floor enclosed area was quickly selected as the main toilet, with a thin

orange cotton scarf from India used as a curtain. Nearby the south side of the fortress, a dustbin and recycling bin were installed.

Today a holster for scissors is made above the toilet, a protruding nail holds the masks that we wear when facing the public, a large tarpaulin is attached to shelter the dining area and one of the sleeping quarters, a small hole in a wooden panel is decorated with an illustration of an eye to act as a spy hole, a red nylon string is used to hang umbrellas, a plastic stool was kindly brought in by a friend, horizontal gaps between the wooden pallets become shoe racks, plus many more practical solutions. Any protruding screws or nail heads become hooks for objects ranging from spare pieces of rope to farmers' hats.

Over the course of the day, designated storage spaces were labelled with a black marker pen. B. kindly cooked and brought dinner to the fortress again. Inside we grouped together and ate organic vegetables and multigrain rice. Sheltered from the rain and in good company, it was clear that we were getting organised and settled.

Protected in this architecture and sleeping under the stars to the sounds of the cicadas in the trees and the bull frogs croaking, I thought about our action, occupying and squatting on contentious farmland – and the becoming of this fortress, the becoming of this home.

Tonight one of the people in the fortress lit a candle to commemorate the victims in and around Tianamen Square on 4<sup>th</sup> June 1989

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village







## **Masks**

**Day 4, Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> June 2016**

Two weeks ago, Henderson were successful in their application of a temporary court injunction relating to the 7,000-square-foot farmland adjacent to Ma Sik Road – the place that our fortress stands on today.

To avoid any unnecessary legal battles we decided to create two different face masks and batch produce them. One mask bears the vegetable-like green face of Lee Shau-kee (Henderson's majority owner) and the other a pop pink pouting image of Chan Mo-po (the head of the Development Bureau). Both people have been purchasing farmland well before the government announced the North East New Territories Development Plan in 2007 – a coincidence we think not.

During the past two weeks we have consistently entered the temporary court injunction zone (agricultural land) to add multilingual banners, create blockades and continue farming. During these actions some of us have been cautious of any potential legal action and chose to wear masks. The security guards are very efficient in photographing and filming any activity in the injunction zone, and are fast to update their superiors, who are likely archiving the data.

On Day 1 we entered the fortress wearing masks. On the fourth day, we continue to wear masks when visible to the public and in the view of the recently-installed CCTV cameras (that boast 30x optical zoom). Today a talkative King Force security guard kindly asked me why I wore a mask. Slightly surprised by his openness to engage in conversation, I was unable to give an immediate reply. I informed him that I needed some time to think about his question and will get back to him tomorrow. He kindly accepted my response and I had dinner with everyone in the fortress. After dinner I thought about his question.

I wear a mask to hide my identity and all affiliations I have that have no direct relationship with the Anti-North East New Territories Development Plan movement. The affiliations include my employment relationships, my relationship with my apartment landlord and to reduce any concern from my family, who naturally worry as they do not completely understand the context and background of our movement. At present, the Hong Kong press are unable to fully communicate the situation due to media censorship.

We wear masks to let people know that we are united and act together. We confront unjust legal authorities, crony policies and the law in a way that does not deter us or hinder our future paths. Our masks add a glossy layer to the movement and are a calling to latent supporters to come and join us, masked or unmasked, and resist the rampant developer and government collusion that continues to erode our city.

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village







## Security

Day 5, Monday 6<sup>th</sup> June 2016

The people described in entry Day 2: Super Community will know that some of us make an effort to maintain an amicable relationship with the security forces hired by Henderson. We understand that the workers are at the farm to simply earn a living. In Cantonese there is a colloquialism known as 搵食 “*wan sik*,” literally translated as ‘to look for food or to look for the next meal.’ Those unlucky enough to pay rent are thrown into the neoliberal capitalist whirlpool, a perpetual cycle of wage labour, exploitation, uncontrollable rent increases or house prices, and exhaustion. Many of us are workers too and participate in social movements with no salary whatsoever. We are here on this land today because we want a better future – we want food security, to keep agricultural land for farming only and we oppose developer and government collusion (in the form of the 40,000-square-foot in-situ land exchange policy).

Over the past couple of months, Henderson first employed several security guards to surveil the farmland and report back to the office through sending photos, videos and updates. At a later date, Henderson employed another security company called King Force who dispatched teams ranging from several to over 150 security guards to the farmland. The guards that are front line and more physical, wear face masks and gloves, and their excessive force was demonstrated on 25<sup>th</sup> April, the morning of 26<sup>th</sup> April, 26<sup>th</sup> May and on 2<sup>nd</sup> June 2016 (at the village entrance).

The security guards are mostly male and are from Pakistan and Hong Kong. On 19<sup>th</sup> May, the head of King Force barged a female land protector to the ground after she stood in front of him. He was on his way to installing some CCTV cameras in the adjacent farmland. On the 2<sup>nd</sup> June eviction, two additional security companies were deployed onto the farmland, a Nepalese team and an ambiguous group that included an English-speaking ‘negotiator.’

Every time I visit Ma Shi Po Village I say good morning and hello to the security guards. Some reply back and others ignore

me. To the friendlier guards I even introduce myself and engage in casual conversation. This courteous relationship has led to a series of unexpected interactions: an occasion where I taught English to a female Chinese guard; being granted permission by the head of security to place a banner in a location previously blocked by other guards; my verbal request for a reduction of physical force being implemented; witnessing one guard placing a senior land protector’s stool back in its original position after another guard mischievously moved it to cause a fall/injury; one guard kindly giving us (those in the fortress) two take-away meal boxes on the first night (Day 1); one guard telling other guards that I am a “good person;” and one guard even sharing the likes of Pakistani music artists Shafaullah Khan Rokhri and Attaullah Khan Esakhelvi with me – the latter artist visited Yuen Long for a live gig in late May. On two occasions the Pakistani music and our dancing were welcomed by some guards who gave us a thumbs up and smiled.

When we are in the fortress we often hear people arguing outside with security guards, and in a couple of hopefully isolated cases, some even using racial and derogatory words towards the Pakistani guards. I hope that this short text can calm some of tensions outside of the fortress and strengthen the relationships built over the past couple of months with some security guards.

To the security guard who cried in front of land protectors on 2<sup>nd</sup> June and to the guard who decided to not come to work the next day on 3<sup>rd</sup> June, thank you for your empathy, and I hope that our paths will cross again.

Pakistani music playlist:

[www.tinyurl.com/Shafaullah-Khan-Rokhri](http://www.tinyurl.com/Shafaullah-Khan-Rokhri)

[www.tinyurl.com/Attaullah-Khan-Esakhelvi](http://www.tinyurl.com/Attaullah-Khan-Esakhelvi)

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village







## The Body

Day 6, Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup> June 2016

The sleeping quarters inside the fortress are quite limited and some areas require two people to share a sleeping space smaller than the width of a single bed. Bedding and mosquito nets are stored away during the day to create two shared spaces and a place to eat together.

Last night at around 3am, before getting ready for bed, I sat on a red plastic stool waiting for A. in the fortress to finish her stretching routine. A. would stretch first thing in the morning and last thing at night, sometimes accompanied with meditation. I am an active person who exercises regularly however I am impressed by A.'s dedication to a healthy lifestyle and diet (she even brought almonds and dried prunes into the fortress). However at 3am and sleep deprived from the previous nights, I was extremely tired and wanted to sleep immediately. Having only recently meeting A. I decided to be patient and read the news on my phone as she completed her daily routine.

Another person in the fortress called T. lives a very different lifestyle to A. He treats his body like a tool, often sparing only a few hours to "recharge" his body before focusing back on his work, writing and attending meetings. T.'s experience, knowledge and work ethic displays a selflessness and dedication to the Anti-North East New Territories Development Plan movement. I have never met such a hard working person.

My Day 1 entry discussed the body as a blocking tool that can confront oligarchy and developer hegemony. Being confined in an enclosed space, unable to walk more than four consecutive steps at a time and to some extent under siege (constant surveillance by security guards and CCTV cameras, and being unable to leave-and-reenter the fortress) I'm now thinking about the fortress' toll on our bodies and in the words of A. how to 'appreciate and look after the body.'

In the fortress our home-cooked breakfasts, lunches and dinners include local and organic produce from the farm, all vegetarian.

We have been drinking water, Chinese soups, herbal teas and sometimes canned coffee. I trust that the insides of our bodies are in good health.

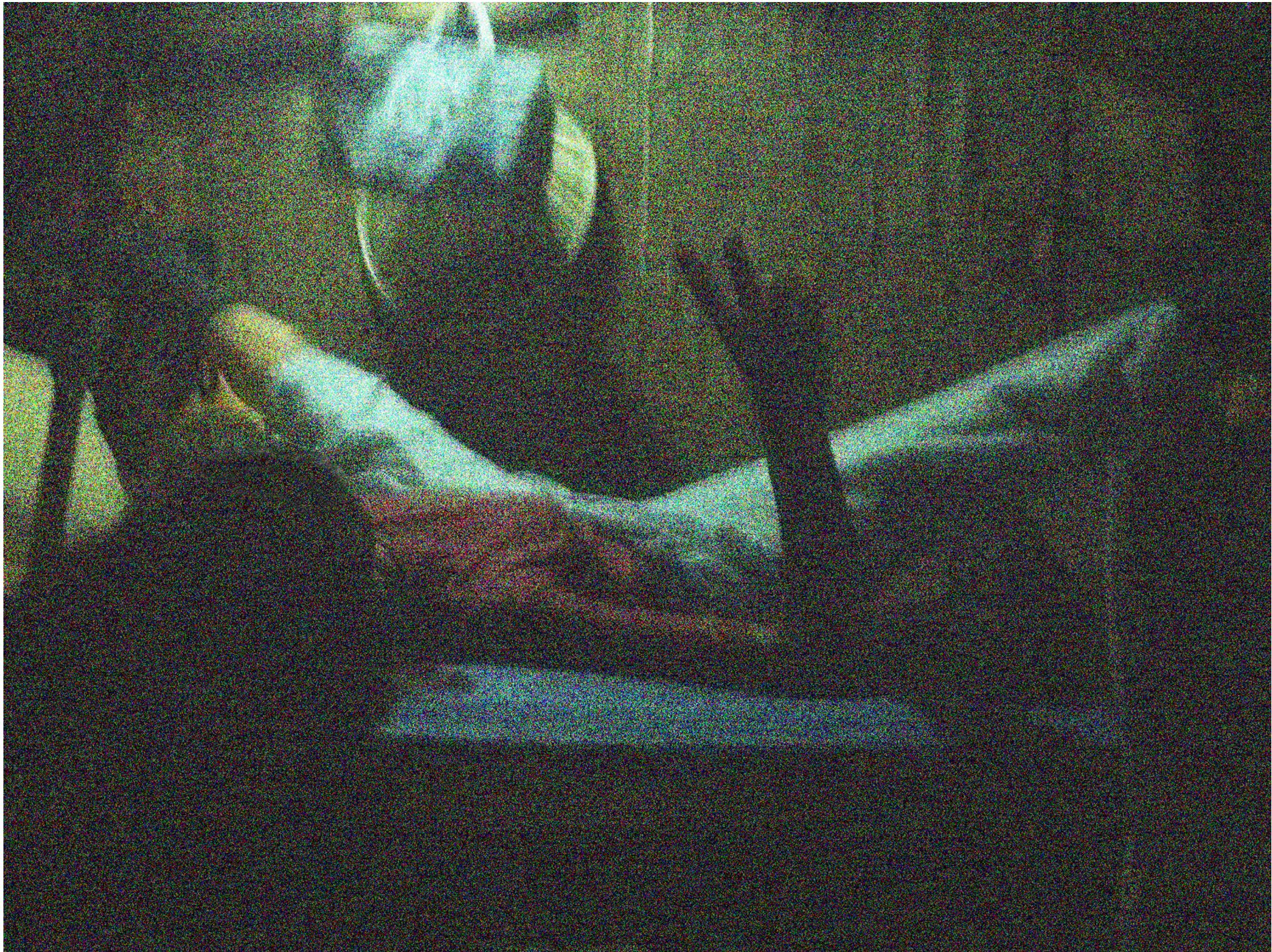
Outside a friend recently shared a factual story about "toxic cucumbers" (激素青瓜) sold on a street market in Jordan, Kowloon. Poisonous insecticides (to both insects and humans) have confused the cucumbers to unnaturally keep their yellow flowers, used only during pollination and should shed naturally. The telltale sign are fully grown cucumbers still bearing flowers sold to the public. This incident was first uncovered in May 2013 and returned again in May 2016. It is perhaps the latest Asian food safety story to join the likes of baby milk containing melamine (2008), artificial eggs (2009), dyed black sesame seeds (2010), glow-in-the-dark pork (2011), poisoned school lunches and tofu containing an industrial bleaching agent (2014), and tainted "gutter" oil and fake organic milk (2015). Capitalism and greed does not only exploit the soil, biodiversity, environment and workers, but also its customers.

We are committed to keeping agricultural land for farming only. We believe in knowing your farmer (food traceability), buying directly from the farmer (low carbon footprint and supporting the local economy) and developing trust with farmers – in their practice, ethics and responsibilities to the land. In the broader context each one of us has a responsibility and potentiality to protect this 7,000-square-foot farmland, but alas survival (搵食) in this city can often distract us.

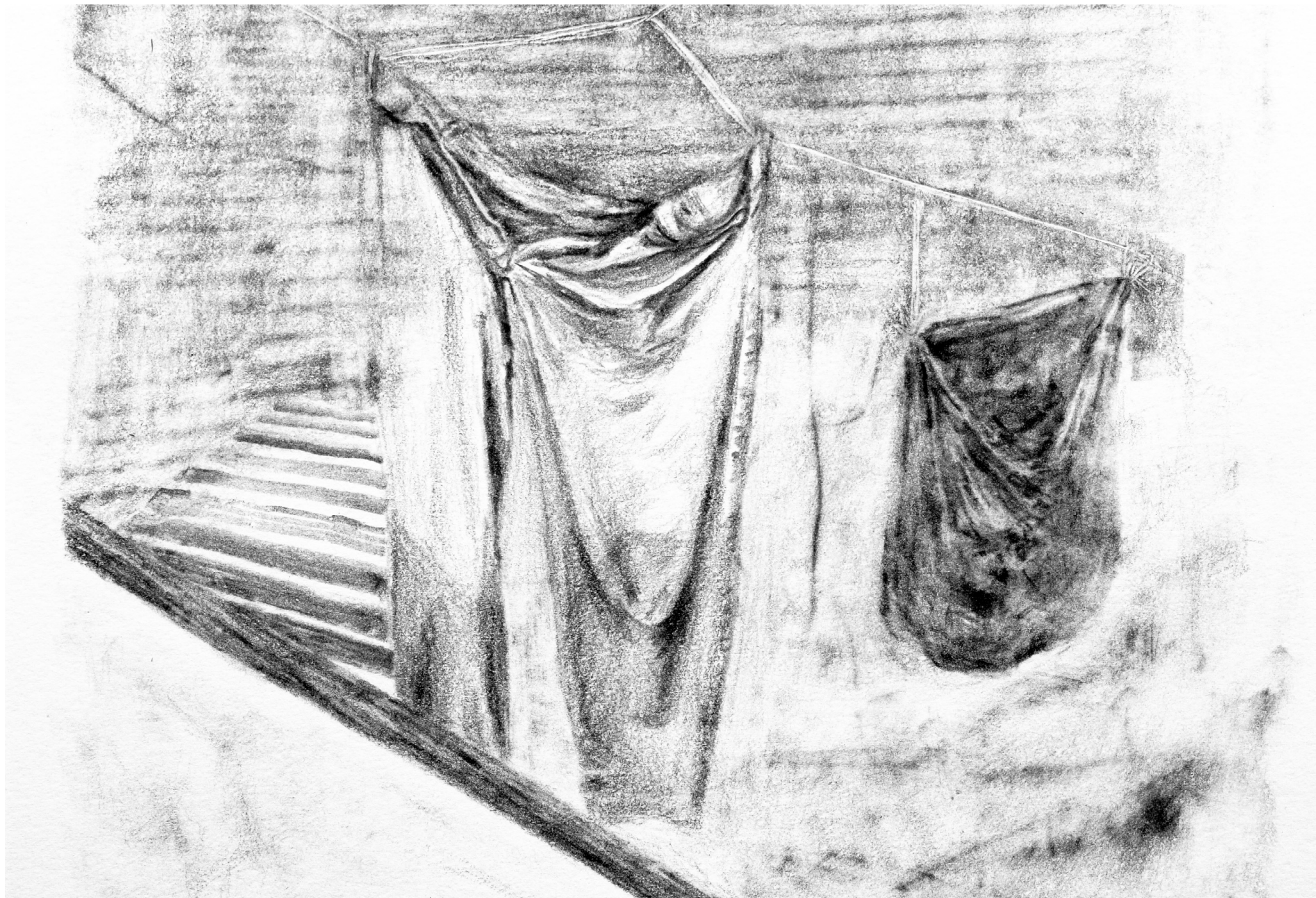
I hope this diary entry can simplify some of the overwhelming background and policy-related issues of the North East New Territories Development Plan, to one entity: the body; your body; and like A., we can take time to appreciate and look after our bodies, both inside and outside of this fortress.

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village











## Family Dinner

### Day 7, Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> June 2016

Tonight I missed a family dinner at my aunt's house. I called my grandma earlier today to update her on the situation at Ma Shi Po. She told me that she had been sleeping badly and I reassured her that I was safe and completely happy to be here. During our phone conversation, she asked me to inform my aunt that I was preoccupied tonight and had to miss the family dinner due to a 'work meeting.' My grandma implored me not to let my aunt know where I was. Cautious that my mobile phone line was being monitored (a likely situation during social movements in Hong Kong) and unwilling to add any unnecessary stress to my grandma, I decided to lie to my aunt and sent her a Whatsapp message with our fabricated excuse. She understood and ended our conversation with a series of emoticons: (Strong bicep)(Strong bicep)(Thumbs up)(Thumbs up). Her unusually gestural and supportive message suggests that perhaps she knows where I am...

My parents, my aunt and her husband are examples of a working class demographic who have earnestly worked hard to acquire a lower middle class wealth. From previous dinners accompanied with general conversation, often with the television on, it is clear that they are apolitical, value economic success and upward social mobility. Subtleties of such an interest come discreet but unsurprisingly. For example, following short holidays in Asia the first questions would be, "How much was the flight?" or "How much was the hotel?" Regardless of politics, economics and culture, they are my family. They should be truthfully and fully updated on what I am doing and what I value around me. I hope to show my grandma this book in the near future.

Social movements can cause tension and miscommunication in the family home. Numerous stories about family disputes, especially those between families with policemen/women, were common during the Umbrella Movement (2014-2015). The city became polarised and superficially categorised with two colours: yellow (pro-democracy) and blue (pro-

establishment and police authority). Life choices and political viewpoints cannot be that simple and in only one hue. A couple of weeks ago, one land protector decided to paint our multicoloured parasol to become yellow, to express his political sentiments. It is ironic that today, on the flattened farmland, there are 17 blue King Force-branded parasols surrounding one yellow-painted parasol, all of which are used by the blue-uniformed security guards for shelter from the sun and rain.

Every night at 8:30pm the security guards end their day shift and are substituted with a night shift team. I wonder if tonight any of the daytime guards shared their day with their families at the dinner table, perhaps discussing land rights, evictions and personal conflicts, with their children. We know for certain that at least one Pakistani guard shares our plight and experienced an eviction in his own country before moving to Hong Kong.

Each day, each dinner time, both inside and outside of the fortress, develops the movement in a metaphysical way. It draws us to question and critically think what each one of us are doing while this is happening, our ontological relationship with food and farmers and how this neoliberal era produces numerous counter-movements. To borrow a phrase used in America and Germany, *'You can't evict a movement.'*

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village







Two days ago, I woke up and found a piece of raw pork meat at the foot of my bed. I assumed a bird must have dropped it from the sky or something. Later I discovered more pieces of pork scattered on another area of the fortress, and even one piece on E.'s right flip flop slipper. It seemed that night's 4am raucous by an unidentified group (for the second consecutive night) was accompanied with throwing pork into the fortress.

The fragments of raw pork quickly attracted flies and we later discovered four plastic trays of pork placed on the north and east side of the fortress. A few days ago some Henderson-employed construction workers coincidentally made four cut-outs in the sheet metal fences that surround the fortress, which are where the four plastic trays of pork are now inserted. All four trays were infested by flies and emitted a putrid smell into the air. The torrential rain flooded the trays and further spread the stench into the soil.

We were fast to share this update with those outside the fortress and a friend designed a poster accompanied with some text (next page). The post on the *LoveNENT* Facebook page attracted 1,300 reactions, 81 comments and 933 shares. These are considerable figures and we are sure that Henderson was aware of this and the bad press created for them. Journalists even asked Henderson to comment on the pork incident.

This morning showed a turn of events. The person in charge of King Force kindly offered assistance in removing the "mysterious" trays of pork and was thoughtful to share with us a rubbish pick-up tool for some additional pieces that we found on top of the fortress' tarpaulin. For the trays of pork on the ground, King Force inappropriately appointed a Pakistani security guard to remove the two trays on the north side of the fortress. Masked, I leant over the edge of the fortress and asked the worker if he was Muslim. He

looked up at me and nodded responsively. I told him that I was sorry that he was asked to remove the pork and that it was a 'disgusting' action by whoever made the order. The Pakistani worker continued his assigned task. Later, the two remaining trays were disposed of by a Chinese security guard.

Following this incident led me to further understand the reasons as to why Islam forbids the consumption of pork. The Qu'ran describes the flesh of pigs (swine) as impure (Al-'An`ām 6:145). Science can now prove that unhealthy pork consumption can expose people to various helminthes (worms) such as roundworm, pinworm and hookworm, that can damage organs in the body.

In Arabic, pork is described as نجس *najis* – something that is impure, unclean, and unfit for consumption. Muslims uphold the wisdom from God and therefore refrain from eating or touching pork in anyway. Unfortunately today was not the case for the Pakistani worker.

Wage labour can offer a cruel contract that makes one uncomfortable and compliant, in the pursuit of money and survival. The Pakistani guard's shift has ended and he is probably home. I recall the moment when we communicated. I hope that through the holes in my mask the guard knew that we are in some ways akin and both confront forms of structural oppression in the quest for profit, not our profit, but that that is in the deep pockets of the elite – the *najis* future that Henderson proposes hand in hand with the government.



# 馬屎埔田壘外圍底部驚現多盒鮮肉

企圖以蚊蠅老鼠蛆蟲細菌趕走守地市民  
手段奸狡 恆基可恥！！



東北告急，無你點得？

Page Liked · 7 June 2016 · 6

馬屎埔田壘外圍底部驚現多盒鮮肉  
企圖以蚊蠅老鼠蛆蟲細菌趕走守地市民  
手段奸狡恆基可恥

今天(週二)下午，守地市民發現至少四盒鮮肉(肉眼看相信是豬肉)，放於田壘外圍底部，即圍板與田壘之間的狹小空間，一方面守地市民無法觸及，另方面惹來大量蒼蠅，甚至老鼠和蛆蟲，企圖以嚴重的衛生問題逼令守地市民退場。... [See more](#)  
[See Translation](#)

Like Comment Share

1.3k

Top comments

921 shares

79 comments



**Qing Lam** 浪費食物，天地不容！

[See translation](#)

Like · Reply · 2 · 7 June 2016 at 16:22



**Terry Chick**



Write a comment...





## Another Injunction Day 9, Friday 10<sup>th</sup> June 2016

The temporary court injunction has now been escalated to a permanent status, a final warning if you will, facilitating the entry of bailiffs supported by police intervention “if necessary.”

The Hong Kong government often uses such legal and physical apparatus to solve societal issues. The largest of four Umbrella Movement (2014-2015) protest sites (Admiralty) was cleared following a court injunction, that was granted after a bus transport operator called All China Express made an official complaint.

Common sense, dialogue and justice are replaced with a judicial system that keeps things in check – vested interests, safely in the vaults of corporations and the government. We saw this, perhaps from the comfort of our televisions, Occupy Central (HSBC headquarters, 2011-2012) and the other three locations during the Umbrella Movement (Tsim Sha Tsui, Mong Kok and Causeway Bay). At Mong Kok bailiffs comically wore ‘I Love HK’ T-shirts and at Causeway Bay, the last location to be cleared, the police were even equipped with Makita cordless chainsaws.

At the farm our requests for a meeting with Lee Shau-kee (Henderson’s majority owner) or his sons are unanswered. Our invitation to Lee Shau-kee or his sons to visit Ma Shi Po Village for a tour lack any response. Henderson’s communication comes in the form of automated pre-recorded messages, looping on loudspeakers, and with press conferences only to announce the details of temporary and permanent court injunctions (no dialogue). When they visit the farmland equipped with injunction letters in A4 plastic sleeves and cable ties, it is merely a media spectacle, the show ending with Henderson crossing Ma Sik Road surrounded by cautious masked and gloved security guards. Remember this is a peaceful non-violent protest.

In the fortress we continue our live-in protest, now a form of civil disobedience. T. made some predictions on the likelihood of the bailiff eviction and the implications of being arrested on the day (‘80% possible this coming Monday’). A few of us are perplexed by how T. attaches eviction percentages and probability to the coming days. T. is

experienced and well-informed, albeit very statistical.

Recently, S., a friend who has visited Ma Shi Po Village a few times and gives regular feedback on each diary entry, shared an inspiring reflective text by Edward Thacker, a resident at *Grow Heathrow* (a farm squat located in London). Here are some extracts from Edward’s text that I would like to share:<sup>4</sup>

*In this capitalist world system, where private property is enshrined by law over the rights of nature, we should confront the possession of land where we can.*

*We are actively rebelling against the wasted values of materialism, the capitalist world view which seeks to objectify nature.*

*We must protect nature. We must protect ourselves. The love we have for each other and life on earth must result in a fierce resolve to protect us. Sometimes we will have to act in a way which sacrifices our legal rights for the rights of other humans, for other life to flourish.*

*We must embrace an antinomian spiritual ecology, whereby our ecological responsibility demands a rejection of civil legal authorities and their laws.*

Along with a link to the original text I copied and shared the extracts as well as some notes to our Super Community. Together we share their daily resistances, including court injunctions, and find underground connections, similar values and a strong belief in farmland.

When our farmland is objectified and becomes a commodity, our responsibility demands a rejection of unjust legal authorities, crony policies and the law.

<sup>4</sup> *Grow Heathrow’s Spiritual Ecology: One Resident’s Personal Reflections*, [www.theecologist.org/campaigning/2987773/grow\\_heathrows\\_spiritual\\_ecology\\_one\\_residents\\_personal\\_reflections.html](http://www.theecologist.org/campaigning/2987773/grow_heathrows_spiritual_ecology_one_residents_personal_reflections.html)

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village



## Grow Heathrow's Spiritual Ecology: One Resident's Personal Reflections

Edward Thacker

7th June, 2016



**Living at Grow Heathrow has been a spiritual experience says resident Edward Thacker. We are actively rebelling against the wasted values of materialism, the capitalist world view which seeks to objectify nature.**

“ Within our spiritual ecology, we must begin to challenge the commodification of nature. This must be central in the 'great turning' (Macy 2007) we are to make. ”

Spiritual ecology is the knowing that we are all part of one living, spiritual being. It is the knowing of the

connection of our soul and the soul of the world: The understanding that our fate is entwined with the fate of life on earth.

The rupture of this spiritual connection to the earth, and the resultant mind-set which sees the human experience as separate to life on earth, viewing nature as something external to our lives that can be controlled or managed, is fundamental in how we are to

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understand the breakdown of ecological systems around the world. We must move beyond the thinking that has created the problem. We must move beyond the logic of capital.

This home is on the site of an abandoned market garden, once agricultural land. Our protection of this land, to preserve it for agricultural use, means resistance, resulting in an antagonistic relationship with the landowners and the police. We do not recognise the private ownership of the land we live on. In this capitalist world system, where private property is enshrined by law over the rights of nature, we ...

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## Recharge

### Day 10, Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> June 2016

The fortress has no water or electricity. Filtered tap water in plastic bottles are lifted in at the end of a 12-foot long bamboo stick. Two protruding screws hold the bags of food, water and other resources secure to the stick, and they are hoisted up at the south side of the fortress. When the load is heavy, two people hold the stick. On some occasions, we lower heavy bags of rubbish and wet clothes (from the rain) with a nylon rope and hook, attached to the end of the stick.

We spend most of the day talking to each other, sharing ideas, drawing, reading and writing. Our smartphones are used for keeping in touch with those outside of the fortress, online research, as lighting and playing music (a plastic bottle has been reappropriated as a speaker).

A small blue laptop-sized bag with three compartments is home to numerous portable phone battery chargers (尿袋, “urine bag”, a Cantonese colloquialism). Those fully-charged outside of the fortress are on one side of the bag and empty batteries are zipped in the middle compartment. Everyday we pass the empty batteries out for recharging with the dirty crockery and cutlery from our meals. Thank you B. and everyone.

A couple of days ago a friend called Q. surprisingly sent me a YouTube video entitled, ‘Chinese Lion Dance Drum - Beginners Practice.’ She informed me that she heard my drum playing and that her link was a kind gesture to say that I needed drum practice. A. and I watched the video together and learnt this distinct form of drumming. We took turns practicing and played variations to the

Lion Dance Drum beat whilst the other person played the kazoo and danced. E. in the middle of replying to some press questions, mentioned that she looked up at one point to see how much we were enjoying ourselves.

The two *tenggu* Chinese drums in the fortress produce a penetrating powerful sound. The interior of the fortress acts as a giant wooden speaker, allowing the vibrations to travel inside, exploring the many cavities of the fortress, before sending the bass upwards to those outside. We felt this energy from the drum playing on Day 1 (the attempted eviction) and we feel it again today.

As a sign of our appreciation, at meal deliveries, A. plays an uplifting drumbeat while I climb up to collect the food, sometimes whilst playing the kazoo. We hope that our small performance recharges everyone outside the fortress as much as it does to those inside.

A.’s Lion Dance drum beat rendition can be heard here:

[www.tinyurl.com/ProtectOurFarmland](http://www.tinyurl.com/ProtectOurFarmland)

Written inside the fortress, Ma Shi Po Village





農田被地產商巧取豪奪，這種行為跟強盜沒有分別  
The real estate developers are seizing farmland by force and deception. Such behaviour is no different from robbery



## New Territorialisation

### Day 11, Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> June 2016

It is the end of the weekend and the dawn of another work week, our eviction. Three Henderson-employed security forces were present throughout the weekend, two of which were in good spirits and exchanged friendly conversation with us – some guards even humorously tried coaxing us to exit the fortress.

I think of Day 1, the western negotiator who strategically complimented us before asking to enter the fortress to have a conversation ‘on the same eye level’. His naivety reminds me of *The Castle* by Franz Kafka, when K., the protagonist, was asked:

*“Who are you?” cried a hectoring voice, and then obviously to the old man: “Why did you let him in? Are we to let in everybody that wanders about in the street?”*

Last week at the International Finance Centre shopping mall in Central, Henderson’s press conference informed the public that a structural engineer analysed our wooden fortress and deemed it to be unstable and dangerous to continue our occupation in. We feel very safe living inside this fortress. This is our *castle*, surrounded by our farmland, that opposes unaffordable apartments and homogenous shopping malls with decorated scrubs, sterile “sky gardens” and supermarkets stocking organic basil (wrapped in plastic packaging and flown in from abroad). Every single shopping mall is a guillotine to the independent shop and local community.

Hong Kong is home to over seven million people. The older population made valiant journeys across the border to leave China during The Cultural Revolution in the 60s and 70s. Our grandparents earnestly worked hard to create a stable life for themselves and their families, starting their own businesses and later investing in property. The 1979 song 獅子山下 *Below the Lion Rock* refers to this determined work ethic and is instilled in the wrinkled hands and tough hearts of our parents and grandparents.<sup>6</sup> Perhaps for these reasons the older generations can only think of short-term benefits, lacking a holistic vision that considers equality, sustainability and justice.

A competitive and capitalist environment has bred a culture of materiality, and a society of people who believe in privatisation and landowners’ rights. Through questionable tactics and on paper, Henderson is the landowner, but amidst food security, geopolitical tensions in Hong Kong and a global environmental crisis, should we stand by and let landowners and developers dictate our food sovereignty, displace our farming communities and urbanise our agricultural landscape?

Developer and government collusion and its myriad apparatus such as security forces, CCTV cameras surveillance, court injunctions, the police force and controlled media channels, have painted a monochrome understanding of what is happening in this precarious place. This 7,000-square-foot farmland has been boarded up and territorialised as part of the government’s North East New Territories Development Plan.

Gerald Raunig, a philosopher and art theorist, described a form of ‘reterritorialisation’ where one can ‘*try out new forms of sociality in publishing; inventing and defending free spaces for non-conformist thinking and action.*’<sup>7</sup> On the eve of our exit from the fortress, below behind and below the Lion Rock, we must push ourselves to further research other global farming movements, express solidarity and share what has happened these past few months at Ma Shi Po to our friends and to the public, so that future forms of protest on disputed farmlands become intuitive, strategic and offer new modes of territorialisation – a *New Territorialisation* that invites new friends to our global movement.

<sup>6</sup> 獅子山下 - 羅文 *Below the Lion Rock*,  
[www.youtube.com/watch?v=ca9vsEkKrL4](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ca9vsEkKrL4)

<sup>7</sup> Raunig, Gerald, *Factories of Knowledge* (America: The MIT Press, 2013), p27







Act 1 – Ma Shi Po Village  
Day 12, Monday 13<sup>th</sup> June 2016

~

Act 1  
Day 12

*Land protectors present & journalists ready  
A land protector plays the drum  
(All outside the fortress)*

*A. plays the drum (inside the fortress)  
M. plays the kazoo (peak of the fortress)*

*Performance begins  
(An illustrated timeline rolls down from the peak of the fortress)*

*Performance ends*

*Pirate Jet by Gorillaz is played aloud*

*Exuent A. & M.*

*Curtains drawn to a close*

*Act 2 coming soon...*

~



Illustrated timeline

Written outside the fortress







*In this capitalist world system, where private property is enshrined by law over the rights of nature, we should confront the possession of land where we can*

*– Edward Thacker, Grow Heathrow*



